The
COMMONWEAL

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The Polish Vatican Report

THERE WAS no hate at the beginning of the war but rather a general hope that this war would be fought cleanly until air bombing made cruelty automatic. Hitler was eloquent on the subject. But this hope the German Administration in Poland has destroyed. No comment is needed on Cardinal Hlond's report: it justifies Daladier in saying "there is being created a world of masters and slaves." Denying that he acted through petty vengeance, and we agree there is nothing petty about it, Arthur Greiser, German Governor of Poznan, told foreign correspondents, "the Polish peasants are far happier under German rule . . ." and that he needed workers so badly he could only afford to lend a few for work in the Reich. That is indeed the way one talks of slaves. The facts will lead undoubtedly to widespread disgust, unfortunately, also, to hate. They must lead to practical action in favor of the Polish population. And if the sending of relief to this population runs counter to the logic of the Allied blockade, in so far as it would permit Germany to drain the Polish land of further resources—slaves have to be fed—then the logic of that blockade must give way before the inescapable duty of compassion.

Cardinal and Gauleiter

Cuts in the Agricultural Appropriations

THE GREATEST saving the President suggested in his budget message at the beginning of the year was in relief expenditures. The second was in appropriations for agriculture. Unfortunately, the ordinary figures published about agricultural expenditures are not itemized sufficiently to show the ordinary citizen what their real effect upon farm life is, and knowing the gross is not really enough.

Farming and Farming

The United States Department of Agriculture is generally considered to be primarily interested in assisting farmers to become business men like any others. Commercial farming is stressed; the effort made to establish "parity" between agriculture and urban industry. This parity involves not only equality in cash income, but identity in "rationalization," philosophy and way of life—an equal capitalistic industrialization of the countryside and city. The federal government also gives out the rural equivalent of unemployment relief and work relief. Third, it spends a lot on schemes for the conservation of natural resources. Part of its activity is to overcome financial handicaps of farming, helping in matters of borrowing, mortgaging, interest rate. Then, it supplies some social services to farm people. Last, it carries on limited direct work to strengthen the position of the family farm—an agrarian familistic economy.

At this late date, trying to make farming a happy and prosperous commercial enterprise like city industry is an irony on the grim side, and pouring out money for that purpose seems futile indeed. The contemplated cut of $225,000,000 in "parity payments" appears logical. But cutting money that strengthens the other tendencies is hard to excuse. Farm wealth flowing outward has subsidized American cities for decades, and an equilibrium would mean payments in the reverse direction of dimensions even beyond New Deal imagination. ("Net migration from the farms during the decade 1920-1929 represented a contribution of about $12,600,000,000. Between $2,000,000,000 and $3,000,000,000 was transferred . . . 1920-29 . . . incident to the settlement of estates. Total interest on mortgage debts paid by farmers to non-farmers during that decade . . . $5,000,000,000 . . . etc." O. E. Baker.)

It is impossible to complain justly that agriculture is getting what it does not deserve. But it cannot possibly get enough simply by means of government transfers. Absentee, one-crop, capitalistic farming has to give way to family farming, part-time farming, and a much more decentralized owning and industrial pattern before any approach to real parity will come. And such a parity would change the face of urban capitalism and proletarianism as much as it would change the complexion of American farming.

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John L. Lewis's Destination Unknown

CERTAIN CIO locals and entire CIO unions have endorsed a third term for President Roosevelt. Sidney Hillman favors him; the Industrial Councils of New York, New Jersey and California, representing 750,000 CIO members, have come out for the third term. President Lewis of the United Mine Workers, biggest and strongest of the CIO units, spoke against any endorsement. He claimed that "labor today has no point of contact with the Democratic administration in power," and flatly pointed out obvious failures of the Democratic party while dominant in office. The papers which had built up the New Deal as a stooge organization of the "red" CIO found Lewis's condemnation a tremendous piece of news. Partizan opponents of the Democrats and Roosevelt eagerly took up the CIO stick as useful in beating the dog. Political finagling is a queer activity and hard to reduce to meaning. That Lewis should warn labor groups against prior endorsement of political parties and personages seems sound enough to be undramatic. That he still finds conditions terrible is not surprising. What is all the shooting about? He certainly didn't indicate that he wants to give labor support to the anti-Roosevelt Democrats (that "old man" Garner, for instance), and he warned against any trend toward a more conservative Republican régime as a disaster. Lewis considers organized labor an independent political force. He spoke of the 1936 "*coalition* between the Democratic party and organized labor." Before now, American political parties have always felt themselves philanthropic when they gave things to labor and smart in pulling the labor vote to themselves. The head of the CIO protests that organized labor must be dealt with on new terms.

Coalition Or Favor?

More Than a Million a Year for Clothes

FEW TOPICS have seemed more weirdly out of place in the current news columns than the poll of Parisian dressmakers to pick the world's ten best-dressed women. This is, of course, an annual event; every year the world's center of feminine fashions thus solemnly crowns the ten votaries of vogue who have served most faithfully since the previous ritual. So it cannot be mere novelty that gives the story its air of having strayed into the papers from another world. But by contrast with the topics which shoulder it to the right and to the left—the Finnish saga of resistance; the destruction of the Polish people, amid horrors that can hardly be named; the ships that daily go down into the sea and the planes that go down into the earth; the armies in confrontation in western Europe; and even here, in America, so blessedly remote, the labor wars, the relief bills, the unemployment lists—all this makes company so strange for the ten ladies who top the world of dress that either they or the rest of the news might be just a dream. Of course, luxuries, and especially the splendors of dress, have their own economic and social and esthetic defense; of course, too, there has always been a plethora of tragic misery, to contrast with luxury, in this strangest of all possible worlds. But it may be questioned whether the general consciousness has ever been so saturated with that tragic misery, so uneasily aware that mankind is one, so tormented with wonder as to the responsibility of each for all. And it may also be questioned whether at any time a dress budget for ten "exceeding $1,000,000" would not have been a mere fantasia of excess. At any rate, there is something wrong with it now. Following the mode to the tune of a hundred thousand a year is definitely outmoded.

The Best-Dressed Women

When Married Women Work

IN A REPORT to Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, Mary Anderson, director of the Woman's Bureau, Department of Labor, complains about the growing prejudice against employing married women in American offices, shops and factories. Her contention is all too pertinent that our economic system is still so harsh that young people are often prevented from marrying and setting up homes of their own. The remedy favored is that young women go right on working after marriage. Miss Anderson states outright that "young men today are not generally paid enough to enable them to set up a home"; yet she seems to set employment of the wife above a family wage as a feasible remedy. This is a vicious circle. The employment of married women itself depresses wages, makes for unemployment for other families and aggravates the very conditions that present obstacles to marriage. In the home, perhaps, the results are even more devastating. Small families or no children at all, inadequate attention where there are children and the acute psychological strains that arise from the coexistence of two breadwinners with divergent environments and interests are among the factors that gravely impair family life. It is all too observable in our large cities and suburbs that where husband and wife both work, materialism tends to increase, the number and substantiality of "necessities" to widen, the true riches of family life to waste away. The United States should encourage the setting up of new homes, but for most people the only sound means are a family wage and family allowances. It is not the married woman who loses her job, but the married man too poorly paid to support his family, who arouses our principal protest.

Weakening the American Family

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Planned Parenthood

Forests and Trees

IT IS VERY NEARLY incredible that birth control enthusiasts should not only continue to exist at our present moment in time and space, but that they should seem to be extending their influence in what only courtesy might prevent one's calling the idiot fringe of liberalism. Here are a few facts: the US birth rate is the lowest of any country in the western hemisphere. Already our elementary schools, for the first time in history, have reported decreased registration. Vital statisticians all agree that the US population is rapidly "flattening out," that short of great and unlikely increases in immigration, we are going to stop having more people and may well begin fairly soon to have less. It is also widely agreed that what we need to stabilize our economy is more consumption. It is agreed that our country could support a far greater population without in any way lowering our standard of living. Already we are faced with a future when the numerical importance of those past 40 will exceed the importance of youth. Yet despite all this the Birth Control Federation of America announces with joy that there are now 553 birth control clinics in operation over the country, 400 more than five years ago, 40 percent of them supported in whole or in part from tax funds, and that a great sum of money is to be spent on propaganda for making "planned parenthood" a part of the public health program of the state (North and South Carolina already have it) and federal governments. This, we are told by a Protestant group representing 400 Brooklyn churches, is "in the interest of social betterment, and of racial progress and a more wholesome family life."

Was there ever such a business of putting the cart before the horse? "Planning" one's progeny is, of course, a good thing in one sense, but that is not the intended sense. In practice it means just one thing, less children. It is of course true, as Dr. Raymond Pearl put it, that our declining birth rate also involves "other and more obscure factors" than the use of contraceptives. But that is surely an argument against accelerating artificially what may in part be a natural tendency. Granted that millions of Americans cannot properly afford to have children; does the cure lie in not having the children, or in making it possible for such people to afford to have them? It is perhaps not altogether surprising that the "big names" associated with the movement are many of them also associated with wealth, people who perhaps instinctively prefer to keep away from fundamental social reform and would like to cure the measles by putting flour on the rash. But it does come as something of a shock to see Mrs. James (Sara Delano) Roosevelt's name on the list. We wish some of these people would concern themselves a little with euthanasia.

Foreign Observer Joins COMMONWEAL *Staff*

Introducing Mr. Paulding

WE ARE GLAD to announce that Mr. C. G. Paulding has returned from abroad to join the editorial staff. During the last war he was Intelligence Officer for Paris, witnessed Versailles and, later, in Rome the growth of Fascism. For the last five years he has been on the staff of the French personalist review *Esprit*.

Federation Or Else

THE MEN on both sides wish to win the war in order to save something or create something. Their problem is to secure against an exterior menace the liberty needed for the conservation or creation of a state favorable to a given conception of civilization. The war, however, may destroy what they wish to save and create what they neither expect nor desire. But what is destroyed and what is created will affect the order of the whole world and more particularly America's relations to the world. This assumes that what we have is a finish war; that it will not stop with a quick victory on either side or with a negotiated peace within the next few months.

No one knows whether Germany or the Allies will win the war; nor which countries will be in the German group and which in the Allied group when the war is won; nor what countries will remain neutral, nor what will retain their strength. And there is something else no one knows and that is whether a definite military decision is probable at all before the social structure of either or both groups is radically changed. We are not at a race track betting on a horse to win; no Man o' War can be counted on to stay the course; no bets will be paid. The horses are phantoms that change their names, their sex, their age, turn into fish, turn into birds. There is, to the sorrow of all but maniacs, a state of war, but the states as we know them and name them which started the war may not be there at the finish.

Every country in Europe is in process of change and war can only accelerate that change. Or it can reverse the direction of change. When we say that the Allies represent certain principles we must qualify that statement with the knowledge that these principles, especially those concerned with a liberal capitalist democracy, were challenged already before the war, necessarily are restrained during the war, and have practically no chance whatever of being applicable after the war. No one in his senses in France or England claims to be defending a perfect state: the claim, an admissible one, is that these countries defend a "climate" in which relative freedom of opinion and action permits inevitable and desirable change

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to take place by processes that do not automatically destroy personal liberty. This leaves a hope of developing some new structure which might implement and perfect democracy under modern technical conditions. When we say that certain known effects will ensue if Germany wins the war, we are assuming a static quality, a permanent identity, in Germany which is not there. With Hitler, but not entirely dependent on him, there has been a revolution and the only certain thing about this revolution is that it is directed against liberal democracy. Even before it was put into practice in Poland it was never concerned with Germany alone; no Nazi will deny that conditions prevailing outside the Reich are incompatible with the full development and potentialities of the Nazi Revolution. It is moving to conquer—as if more space would give it more ideas.

There are two systems at war. We think the evidence shows both systems are in fact radically changing, but if a person takes them, as we do not, for permanent and complete systems of life, then, indeed, there is no solution to the conflict other than to kill, starve and bring to despair a million or many more men, women and children on one side or the other until there remains victorious in the last quarter of an hour a ruined population amidst ruins.

Is there another course beyond victory and defeat? Russia thinks there is and bases its plan on this possibility of internal change in all the European countries, which we admit and foresee. And French Communists think there is. And it would seem that in the city which is surrounded by the city of Rome, where the embracing arms of the Bernini portico lead to the physical heart of the Christian world, the Pope thinks that there is—that there must be created—a way out.

At this point, even if it is obvious as we think it is, we must state that neither in our analysis nor in our proposals are we speaking for the Catholic Church. It is a fact for us that it is in Christian doctrine, applied in its most rigorous consequences to the relations between men and to the societies men form, that there lies the only permanent foundation for peace. But here we are discussing immediate political questions on a political plane.

On this plane of fact what is the Russian solution (perhaps Hitler's is not so different, either)? It is extraordinarily simple: alliance with the extreme left of the Nazi movement, with or without the Generals—communists know what to do with Generals—with or without Hitler. In France the communists take control. The incoherent Balkans are "converted." Italy without France or Germany cannot resist. England is cut off from Europe and left to face a later stage of the world revolution. And there is peace. Class warfare of course but international peace because the national lines have ceased to exist. The plan is flexible as to time: it could either stop the war or be the war's crowning achievement. Or it could come some years after the war, or, if this war stops short, it could come after another war. The nations which abdicate their status as nations will found a unity more acceptable than any imposed by foreign domination: they will have the illusion of creating unity themselves.

It is blindness to ignore the attraction that this false and desolate unity of Europe holds now and will hold increasingly, as the war cumulates suffering and disorder, for men who despair of a constructive solution to the war. It is evident that such a unity springing from despair would be an inhuman and sterile replica of another unity towards which men naturally tend. That unity is the brotherhood of man and the political name given to the best known instrument for attaining it is the name of Federation.

We cannot discuss the principle of Federation in detail here. The first hard necessity is the partial abandonment of irresponsible national sovereignty by the members. The hardest problem is to find out how different the internal political and social and economic régimes of the member states can be without preventing the minimum of federal union which is necessary. That is to ask what degree of revolution will be asked of each state and in what direction. The proposed federation certainly cannot exist "half slave and half free," but how uniform exactly must be the way of life and, more immediately, the manner of trading? The desired federation, one can say at once, is supple, decentralized, it respects regional habits and needs; it respects the essential liberties: to form it each region voluntarily abandons the power to harm or dominate another. We have known something about it in America for a long time: as a political instrument it is not perfect but it is perfectible. Our opinion is that a Federated Europe is the only alternative to a communist Europe and the point we make here is this.

America is the last refuge on earth where men are free enough to think, free enough to plan, free momentarily from external pressure. In Europe men's minds are crystallized in defense, constrained in attack. America geographically and spiritually is the pole of attraction opposing the attraction of Russia. If that attraction remains as formless as it is today, it will have no efficacy against a Russian plan that is coherent. When the strain becomes too great Europe will break down its forms to accept the unity that has been presented most forcefully to it. If we wish the Federative idea to prevail, and unless it prevails our world is split in two, then it is a race against time. The duty of America to plan a future in which we are immediately concerned has certainly never been so great.

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Peace and the Roman Missal

The true achievement of Christian peace is something that comes not through treaties or politics.

By W. Michael Ducey, O.S.B.

THE CATHOLIC MASS is essentially a religious sacrifice offered in the cause of peace. Since its institution by Our Lord two thousand years ago, it has been celebrated by the Church as her supreme contribution to that cause, for she regards it literally as the sacramental continuation of the work of her divine Founder, whose first Coming to the world was announced as bringing peace on earth. Her task is envisioned primarily as expanding and consolidating His peace within the framework of redeemed humanity, by her prayers, by her teaching and apostolic labors, but above all by means of her Mass. This she regards as the true and concrete re-enactment, however mysterious and ineffable, of the redeeming actions performed by Christ her High Priest; and therefore, since the bringing of peace on earth was first among those actions, her unceasing sacrifice remains the weightiest of all her contributions towards the establishment of Christian peace today.

That she has never succeeded completely or uniformly in winning this peace for humanity detracts not at all from the wisdom of her method, nor from the intrinsic feasibility of her program. Human blindness and selfishness continue to obstruct her efforts, which today appear to have been frustrated, utterly and most tragically. But still she prays and works, and we with her, for the achievement of that idea with the same confidence that has led her to triumph eventually over every form of trial and persecution in the past, for she knows that He who holds this earth in the hollow of His hand, prays and works with her.

We Catholics then must not despair, in the darkness of this hour, over the eventual triumph of Christian peace on earth; above all when we are celebrating its glories during the Eucharistic sacrifice, and giving thanks for the benefits it has already conferred upon Christian peoples. The sacrifice of peace which we offer under the leadership of our Redeemer shall one day, we know, triumph again over the evil forces that afflict us; as meanwhile it teaches us again the true meaning of "Peace on earth to men of good will." Our liturgical celebration must continue to be a true feast of peace even today, just as our thoughts and actions must continue to "seek peace and pursue it," although the whole world echoes with the shouts of war. The necessity of our doing so is perhaps greater than ever before, since even above the din and clash of arms we can hear each single belligerent proclaiming his dedication to a peaceful cause. So complete a travesty, so utter a confusion in that cause may well be a conclusive sign that the world is mad, its present symptoms but the final stages of that spiritual malady caused by separation from its only Saviour. This confusion confounded, this apotheosis of contradiction only intensifies the necessity incumbent upon all true followers of the Prince of Peace to remain steadfast to His principles and His program.

Individually we cannot perhaps contribute much toward the ending of war and the establishment of peace, but if as a Catholic body our thoughts and actions are united in that direction, if we pray and work together with complete agreement as to our ideal and with complete harmony of effort, our total contribution may be a weighty one indeed. The issues at stake are manifold and confused, and it is not easy to formulate a clear principle which shall resolve them all. Our ecclesiastical leaders can be depended upon to furnish us with proper direction and counsel when necessary, but apart from that we may legitimately speculate, guided by Catholic dogma and tradition, upon these critical issues. Now, since the Mass and Christian peace are so closely inter-related, Catholics will legitimately look to the Mass for light and instruction upon the various practical problems involved. Nor will they be disappointed, for the Roman Missal, that rich and copious store of Catholic truth, contains references to peace that are as clear and comprehensive as they are authentic and dependable. These may be conveniently examined under four headings, viz., those relating to (1) the nature and meaning of Christian peace, (2) its prerequisite conditions, (3) how it can be brought about, and (4) what effects it can be expected to produce in human society.

What then is the nature of Christian peace according to "the mind of the Missal"? First of all, it is the *peace of Christ,* a truly Christian peace. No other form of harmony among nations and peoples is prescribed for, or even held to be possible. Christ is preeminently the Prince of Peace (*Introit,* Second Mass of Christmas), having been sent by the Father to establish it on earth

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as a New Covenant between God and man (*Gloria hymn;* cf. also proper parts of the Mass on the Feast of St. Peter's Chair). The peace thus established refers primarily to the relations between God and man disrupted by original sin and the disobedience of the Jews (cf. *Introit,* 23rd and 24th Sundays after Pentecost). Thus Christ's message was essentially to establish peace between God and sinful man, and to preserve it. It is this peace for which the Church daily prays in the Canon of the Mass, for although Christ has already established it upon earth, first in Himself as the New Adam and then in all those who faithfully follow Him, there still remain large numbers of men outside its pale. The "men of good will" who are to enjoy it are evidently those who through Faith accept Christ, making Him their true Leader and Exemplar. Thus through Him they enjoy peace with God, and in Him peace with their fellow men, with whom they are united in charity "which is the bond of perfection" (*Epistle,* 5th Sunday after Epiphany). In sum, Christian peace according to the Missal may be said to consist in allegiance to God through Christ His only Son, which is manifested by giving to God due honor and reverence by acts of worship and acts of obedience to His law. Fidelity to the latter is calculated to produce order and harmony in society, since its basic expression is Christian charity. But besides, the Missal envisions peace as the fruit of Christian Faith (*Epistle* for the Second Sunday of Advent; *prayer for peace*), for Faith leads us to Christ and to the worship of the Father through Christ. It is also the fruit of Christian Hope (cf. *Tract,* 4th Sunday in Lent), which inspires us with confidence in Christ our Leader, and in His victory, final and complete, over the forces of darkness and of evil.

Secondly, certain conditions are required before this peace of Christ can hold universal sway on earth. Among these may be mentioned the overcoming of heresy and error, the protection of the Church from every form of human attack (*Prayer A Cunctis; Collect* in the Mass for the Feast of Saint Irenaeus; *Postcommunion,* Wednesday after Pentecost), confidence and zeal for good on the part of those who desire peace (*Epistle,* 5th Sunday after Pentecost) and a sincere seeking after truth on the part of everyone (4th *Epistle,* Saturday of Ember Week in September).

Peace on earth

But the key problem is, of course, how precisely to actualize the Christian ideal of universal peace on earth. What in the final analysis brings it about? What power or force is there that can establish and preserve it once the necessary conditions have been fulfilled? The Missal sheds clear and copious light on this problem too. In general, peace is a gift of God (*Versicle,* Feast of the Annunciation) which He alone can bestow (*Collect,* Pentecost Monday; *Epistle,* Saturday after Pentecost). In particular, it is a Fruit of the Holy Spirit (*Epistle,* 14th Sunday after Pentecost), which is obtained through prayer (*Collect,* Feast of Saint Elizabeth of Portugal; *Postcommunion,* Feast of Saint John Capistran), but especially through liturgical prayer and the sacrifice of the altar. According to the *Canon* of the Mass we offer "these gifts for thy Holy Catholic Church, that it may please Thee to grant her peace," a prayer which is echoed repeatedly elsewhere in the Missal (cf. *Collect* of Our Lady during Christmastide, *Offertory* in the Second Mass of Christmas Day, *Secret* in the Mass on the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, *Collect* for the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross). For again it is precisely the work of Christ the Victim to bring peace on earth. He is the *"hostia pacificans;* the Peace-bringing Victim" (*Preface* for the Feast of Christ the King). He is the Lamb of God, who taking away the sins of the world obtains peace for us with God (*Libera, Agnus Dei*). The pardon of our sins through Christ is what in the last analysis brings us true and lasting peace (*Collect,* 20th Sunday after Pentecost).

The first and most important concrete effect of the establishment of this Christian peace is therefore in the "mind of the Church" the divine good pleasure in our regard. Her prayers and her sacrificial offering are directed toward the "pacifying" of God's just wrath toward us (1st *Epistle,* Ember Saturday in Advent), whereby our sins are forgiven and we are enabled to serve and obey Him with a quiet mind (*Collect,* 20th Sunday after Pentecost). This peace guards us against the delusions and snares of the enemy (*Postcommunion,* Feast of Saint Pius the Confessor), protects us against adversity, maintains us in fraternal union and brings about a proper recognition of Christ and His Church on the part of earthly rulers (*Collect* after the *Passion* of Good Friday).

So the "mind of the Church" as revealed in her official prayers seems to be that peace on earth shall ultimately be obtained only when mankind is united in a single Faith, in a single act of worship under the direction and leadership of Christ, in a holy fellowship based upon obedience to divine law, especially the law of love. Any other kind of peace can be but of the most nugatory and transitory value, if not actually a snare and a delusion. Catholics should not mistake what is but a necessary prelude to potential peace, for that peace itself. Most desirable indeed, and even essential for its eventual establishment, are the cessation of hostilities among the warring nations, and securing for them complete freedom in the pursuit of their individual welfare among the family of nations. But as we have seen, such a desirable condition of affairs does not constitute

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peace. It must be viewed not as an end in itself, but as a means more conducive to the implanting of those supernatural principles of thought and action which Christ and His Church are continually enunciating as indispensable for real peace.

Hence when our Holy Father Pius XII in his magnificent Encyclical *Summi Pontificatus* pleads for peace, he first outlines certain external conditions of the natural order that must precede it, such as fidelity to compacts and treaties, respect for legitimate human authority, avoiding the errors of racial superiority and extreme nationalism, the observance of strict justice toward the vanquished. But again, these are to him obviously only preliminary and very general conditions which in themselves do not constitute true peace, but only prepare the way for it. True and lasting peace can come not from any purely natural and external human arrangements, but only "from within, from the spirit. . . . The new order of the world must rest . . . upon the unshakeable foundation . . . of natural law and Divine Revelation. . . . The re-education of mankind must be, above all things, spiritual and religious. Hence, it must proceed from Christ as from its indispensable foundation, must be actuated by justice and crowned by charity. The accomplishment of this task is an essential and maternal office of the Church. . . . We have no more ardent desire than this: that the present difficulties may open the eyes of many to see Our Lord Jesus Christ and the mission of His Church on this earth in its true light. . . . This work of pacification presupposes that obstacles are not put to the exercise of the mission which God has entrusted to His Church. . . . For Christ alone is the cornerstone on which man and society can find stability and salvation. . . . The truth which she (the Church) preaches, the charity which she teaches and exercises, will be the indispensable counsellors and aids to men of good will, in the reconstruction of a new world based on justice and love."

It seems clear then that for us Catholics peace can in the long run mean only one thing, the "peace of Christ in the reign of Christ" in its most literal sense. This may seem a truism; but in the present welter of confusion, of clamorous and contradictory voices, we cannot repeat it too often. In our thoughts, in our discussions, in our literary and forensic efforts, in all our prayers, it should form a dominant theme, guiding and impelling us to contribute our share however insignificant toward its universal acceptance. To expend our energies in any other direction such as the establishment of order and harmony among men upon a merely natural ethical foundation can be but fruitless and illusory. Let us who profess the true Faith take care that our Lord's lament over Jerusalem be not made applicable to us: "If thou hadst known, and in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace. . . . But now they are hidden from thy eyes . . . because thou hadst not known the time of thy visitation." (*Gospel,* 10th Sunday after Pentecost.) On the contrary, "standing with our loins girt about with truth, and having the breastplate of justice, our feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace" (*Epistle,* 21st Sunday after Pentecost), let us unite our efforts with those of our hierarchical leaders in this dire emergency toward the attainment of no other form of peace, no other form of security national or international, than that which Christ and His Church are teaching so clearly today, and have taught so consistently throughout the centuries.

An Evening at Vollard's

Ambroise Vollard, art dealer for the French impressionists, at home in a peaceful Paris.

By Jacques Truelle

ALTHOUGH THE Square Ste. Clotilde is close by the Boulevard St. Germain and the Ministry of War, it is sheltered by its age from the noises of the boisterous world. Ensconced within the city, this Parisian province remains silent and untouched by time; those who cross it walk more slowly, unwilling to disturb its peace.

Some ten years ago I came for the first time on a visit to one of the stately houses near the church of Ste. Clotilde. Nothing in its appearance distinguished this mansion from its neighbors. Like them it was massive, grey and without ornament, a solid building that might well have belonged to one of the great families of the Second Empire. Now, however, its tenants seemed to be gone; except for two or three half-open shutters on an upper floor, there were no signs of the life that in fact went on behind its walls.

I rang the doorbell but there was at first no answer. I began to feel that there must be some mistake. The street was dimly lighted, the whole

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place had a look of ominous emptiness. But after a while which seemed to me like hours, a breathless man appeared at the door. He was full of apologies for the delay. Here at least was some assurance that I had not made a mistake. With a gesture, he motioned me to come into the house. As I entered, I was just able to make out in the half-light a narrow corridor crammed with crates and statuary. Beyond it lay a huge hall filled with half-packed trunks, piles of books and countless pictures in scattered disorder. Stumbling through this confusion, I reached a staircase which I tried to climb in silence. But the sound of my footsteps echoed and reechoed up and down the dark stairwell. On the second landing, an inconspicuous door was just visible by the light of an electric bulb which swung to and fro in the draught. Behind that door, lay the unknown.

Walking in

After a moment's hesitation I opened it and found myself in a kitchen flooded with light and hung with rows of gleaming copper sauce pans. The homely smell of soup and roast chicken had an immediate and reassuring effect on me. The house may be haunted, I said to myself, but the food is going to be good. As I took comfort from this reflection, my host appeared at the kitchen door. Immensely tall, he walked so slowly that he seemed to drag one foot after the other and to carry upon his shoulders invisible burdens. His clothes billowed about him, as if he had grown too thin for them, and on his head he wore a square black cap. A grey beard covered his face right up to his half-closed eyes. He stared at me with short-sighted curiosity but before I had time to speak, he recognized me and his expression changed from inquiry to pleasure. In a husky, mumbling voice, he bade me enter an adjoining room where I could see that there was a group of people already assembled.

From the ceiling hung a lamp with a green shade which diffused a warm light over a large square table set for dinner. Most of the guests had arrived and were busy talking. They were an interesting company — painters already famous, like Braque, Picasso, Rouault, Dufy; writers, interior decorators, world travelers whom no one had ever met, doctors, tennis champions. Of all ages and of every profession, they mingled here. No one knew anyone, yet all were already at home. The last traces of restraint were dispelled by the pleasant warmth of the room, the comforting odors of the kitchen, and our host's impersonal welcome which produced the soothing atmosphere of a large table d'hôte on a cold night.

The host was Ambroise Vollard, then at the height of his fame. The owner of this house, which was so vast that a whole government bureau could easily have been installed in it, he had taken refuge in the attic. He continued to live there as he had lived in his early days when he had inhabited a cellar in the rue Lafitte. Vollard was a picture dealer, and although he had himself become a patron of the arts, he had never lost the bearing and the manner of the dealer. One could see that he was always aware that he might still owe much to the visit of a passing stranger, and could not, therefore, avoid making a certain subtle distinction between those who might turn out to be customers and those who were merely disinterested spectators.

The host

On this particular evening he seemed to be everywhere at once. Now he was present, now he was absent: but behind the scenes he was making ready the show to which we had all been invited. Everyone stood. No one ventured to sit down on the few chairs—probably the only ones in the entire house—which had been placed around the banquet table. At last, like a messenger bearing good tidings, the cook entered carrying a huge bowl of soup. Vollard followed, and advancing toward the table, he asked the ladies to sit on one side, the men on the other, so as to avoid what he called "toutes difficultés protocolaires." Vollard presided over the meal. He would say a good word for the chicken done in the style of his native country, la Réunion; then he would fall silent for a minute or two, before breaking out into anecdotes of his young days, of his sittings to Cézanne or of how he had bought a Degas for a few francs. And this would lead him to tell of some of his more sensational sales which, he averred, were brought off by pure good luck. It was only natural, he seemed to imply, to have a fortune dropped in one's lap as one sat quietly around a dining room table.

I was spellbound by the unreality of this gathering. I wondered where I was, whether the table, so like a hotel table d'hôte of my childhood, really existed. There were moments when I fancied that I had been lured into a house which might exist for that night only and at dawn would vanish like a dream. Was I not indeed dreaming when, as I looked absent-mindedly around the room, I saw enchanting pictures hung indiscriminately here and there on the walls? That proud matador was a young Vollard by Renoir. Next to him there glowed the rosy flesh tints of a youthful bather fresh from the sea. Across the room a lion and a tiger met in a Douanier Rousseau jungle, yet seemed in no way to alarm a dancer forever held in an entrechat by Degas.

One after another the guests expressed their admiration. Vollard merely nodded and dropped the subject; for him the beauty of these pictures was something that was to be taken for granted. Then, realizing that this strange collection of

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guests needed some sort of explanation, he quoted the famous remark of the painter Forain, who, at a party at Vollard's cellar in the rue Lafitte, had exclaimed, pointing out a statue of a couple closely embraced, "at last, two people who know one another!"

In the beginning one might easily have been misled by Vollard's seeming absent-mindedness. He had the air of choosing both his guests and his pictures at random. Yet in truth he enjoyed collecting people as he enjoyed collecting pictures and statues: and deliberately he brought together the most incongruous people because it amused him to watch them gathered about his table. For Vollard enjoyed the unexpected. Thus, a tennis champion, braver than the rest of us, asked to be shown some Cézannes. Vollard did not answer, making out as if he had not heard. But a few moments later, he got lumberingly to his feet and made for the main hall. Complaining of his poor sight, he opened the door of a battered closet, fumbled about in a dark corner and unerringly brought forth a picture from its hiding place. But instead of a Cézanne, it was a Renoir. I soon learned this trick, and when I wanted to see a Monet, I asked for a Picasso.

By this time the guests had left the table and were crowding around Vollard. Their enthusiastic comments had obviously pleased him and had put him in the mood to give us one more surprise. Summoning the man who had let us in, he told him to show us the way to the ground floor: the whole company — painters, tennis champions, doctors, world travelers and mere spectators — followed him single file by the light of a dim lamp across the kitchen, down the stairs, through several narrow corridors to a small door. There we halted in the flickering shadows to wait for our host. He arrived moving slowly and out of breath from the unusual exertion.

A final surprise

He pushed open the door into what under the Second Empire had been the stables of the house. After the darkness of the corridors, the blazing light of the vast room dazzled us. We were unprepared for what was before us. Here was a painted world of Russian peasants, jockeys, horses and those dancers whose movements Degas has forever fixed in space. They were there forever. For Vollard had chosen those works which many might have thought less perfect because they were apparently less finished; yet these by their intentional inexactness no longer represented a particular model but expressed the rhythm which animated the dancers and the very form of the dance itself. Bent over their exercise bars, luminous in the glow of the footlights, sketched in charcoal or shining with pastel fires, these ballerinas reflected the sumptuous past of the opera—of a carefree time when Faust and Coppelia drew crowds of gay Parisians night after night.

Small groups of the guests formed here and there, as they do at an opening day. Here, Dufy was explaining the secrets of composition to a tennis player, how a shadow cunningly placed in the center of a canvas could, for instance, make a dancer's leg appear in perfect balance; there, in front of a row of jockeys waiting to be off, a picture dealer talked of his own racing stables. Watchful and amused, Vollard went from group to group. He announced his intention some day to hold a public showing of his Degas.

Meanwhile, he offered them to us as a nightcap before we went our separate ways. A tired lady rose to go. The man servant moved toward the other end of the room and started to roll up the iron stable doors. Beyond them, dark and silent, lay the Square Ste. Clotilde. One after the other, the guests vanished into the night; the painters drove off to their studios; the travelers to their hotels to dream of steamships and airplanes; the tennis champions to rest up for their next matches.

Unable to make up my mind to leave this spot, I lingered on the square for a few moments and watched the iron doors slowly shut out the brightness and the beauty of the evening. Suddenly the church clock struck the hour. The spell which Vollard had cast was broken. I began to walk again among the ordinary things of my life.

The Spoon

Digging his cellar, they found a spoon
A hundred years old. The same old tune
Sung there once would be sung once more.
Who was he to think a door
Could shut him off from the old refrain?

Sleek-haired boys would run again
Who ran before his father ran,
No house held a single man,
Part of it was the vagrant dead,
Dead strangers kept small rooms in his head
And some days threw their windows wide
On bees that swam like a golden tide
In sunlight lost two centuries back.
Every so often there was a track
With two toes only instead of five.

The same old melody. Being alive
Was being an army of weary ones,
Keeping abreast of the moons and suns,
Coming up tall and going down,
Bled bone-white and burned earth-brown,
Meek and submissive yet never broken.

The words in his house would be words spoken
By ancient strangers who loved him not
But loved his strength and the sons he got.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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Poor Little Rich State

A few reasons for the bad times in Utah, with its boundless natural wealth.

By F. E. Hall

> *. . . as for the earth, out of it cometh bread and under it is turned up as it were by fire. The stones of it are the place of sapphire, and it hath dust of gold.*—Book of Job.

"THIS is the Place." When Brigham Young seeing Salt Lake Valley for the first time, uttered these four words, a persecuted people gave thanks to God. At last! the Promised Land!

"If we were to go to San Francisco and dig up chunks of gold," the Mormon leader told the Mormon Battalion in October, 1849, "or find it in the valley, it will ruin us. . . . If you elders of Israel want to go to the gold mines, go and be damned. If you go, I would not give a picayune to keep you from damnation."

In thus counseling the saints, Brigham was merely following a Mormon principle which probably resulted from the jibes of anti-Mormon critics who had for years held the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, up to ridicule and scorn as a "money digger."

The Mormons followed Brigham's counsel. They left the California gold fields upon receiving the call to return to Utah. The fact that many of them were among the first in the field at Coloma and Mormon Bar, where they could have gathered barrels of the precious dust, made no difference. There was no hesitation in dropping tools, abandoning claims and crossing the Sierra to build homes among their people in an untenanted desert.

With such beliefs instilled by Mormon leaders, it is not difficult to understand why the early Utah settlers made no effort to prospect for mineral wealth in the mountains among which they chose to live. These hardy pioneers not only refrained from mining, but discouraged others from attempting to develop mines.

While commanding federal soldiers in the Utah territory, General Connor sanctioned the first systematic efforts at prospecting. He doubtless felt that if gold were discovered the resulting influx of gentiles would cut down the territory's overwhelming majority of Mormons.

So non-Mormons took the lead in the development of Utah's vital wealth. Many of the corporations organized for the development and exploitation of Utah's mineral resources are owned outside the state; their sole interest in Utah is measured by the amount of wealth that can be extracted from her treasure chest. Here the effects of absentee ownership stand out in bold relief.

The far-sighted Mormon leader, Brigham Young, in discouraging mining overlooked the fact that if Utah was to become a great state and able to support more than a mere handful of settlers, its real wealth—that of the mines—would have to be utilized. When Abraham Lincoln said, "Utah will yet become the treasure-house of the Nation," he was close to the truth. Here may be found practically every mineral known to science; a great many of them in commercial quantities. Utah contains immense resources of silver, copper, lead, zinc and iron. At Bingham Canyon is located one of the world's great copper deposits. The Utah Copper Company, a branch of Kennecott Copper, has already moved 288,000,000 cubic yards of material, considerably more than was handled in building the Panama Canal. It is estimated that a thirty years' supply still remains. Utah's workable coal deposits are estimated at 196 billion tons. These vast beds of coal, together with an almost unlimited supply of iron ore, make Utah a potential Ruhr Valley, or another Pittsburgh-Detroit industrial center.

In a recent brochure, describing Utah's mineral wealth, the Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce states that

> there exist in Utah many substances upon which great industries for the future can and will be built. A few have been developed to a small extent while others have not yet been touched.

Utah has abundant supplies of the resources required for many new industries that could employ thousands of workers. Yet Utah is a poor state; one of the poorest, so poor in fact that between 1920 and 1930 nearly 30,000 of her citizens migrated to other states. Her youth must look elsewhere for work, to the extent of nearly 3,000 each year.

A small population

Utah's population is small, only half a million. Just enough to make one fair-size city. Yet with

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all of the vast wealth contained in the state, even this small population is not enjoying a decent living standard. During the years 1933 to 1937 inclusive, there was spent in Utah for various security programs, $91,481,000 (over $74,000,000 federal funds). This is over $180 per capita against a like expenditure of slightly over $100 per capita for the nation as a whole.

The National Health Survey in 1935 uncovered some sad facts regarding the incomes of Utah families. There were 10,474 samples taken in the state, of these 7,775 in Salt Lake City and the balance in the communities that are directly dependent on the mining industry: Eureka, Bingham Canyon and Tooele. It was found that out of the total 10,474 families interviewed, 22.4 percent were on relief against a national average of 15.6 percent. The relief percentage in the mining communities were 31.4 percent, 10.3 percent, and 31.9 percent respectively. It was found that Utah also had more *non*-relief families with incomes under $1,000 than the rest of the nation, 31.6 percent against 28.7 percent. This survey indicates that Utah likewise has a larger percentage in the $1,000 to $1,500 income group than the national average: 24.3 percent against 21.3 percent. In the higher income brackets Utah shows a marked deficiency. In the $2,000 to $3,000 income group, Utah has 6.4 percent as compared with 10.5 percent over the nation at large and only 2.6 percent with incomes over $3,000 contrasted with a national average of 5.7 percent.

These figures do not include the farming districts of the state. Generally the Utah farming communities are much worse off. For years, in fact practically from the date of settlement, most of the small Mormon settlements have been unable to support their natural population increase. This is especially true in the communities that are not near the industrial centers of Salt Lake City and Ogden.

One example will illustrate what is now happening and what has been going on for many years in these farming communities. The town of Minersville, in Beaver County, is typical of a score of other Utah communities. It was here that Isaac Grundy built the first Utah recovery furnace in 1858. Indian depredations had been carried on in southern Utah, and this crude furnace was used to produce bullets from the lead adjacent to the town. Almost from its settlement in the fifties the residents of Minersville were forced to seek work in the mines of the vicinity. The water of Beaver County is so limited that only a comparatively small acreage can be irrigated; and irrigation is vital to Utah farming. Most of the ore bodies of the county were surface deposits and the mines have long since "petered out." During the past twenty years hundreds of Beaver County citizens have been forced to leave. Most of those that stayed and attempted to earn a livelihood by working part of the family land are poor. Minersville is a poor town in a poor county. There are far too many people now attempting to live off the land. Out of the approximately 5,000 inhabitants of Beaver County, over 1,500 are being either wholly or partially supported by some sort of relief. Since the depression this county is in better circumstances than at many other periods of its history. It now has WPA, CCC and NYA payrolls. The county was not always poor; the mines have produced millions, the old Horn Silver alone produced between fifty and sixty million. However much of this wealth left to enrich another county or another state; and Beaver County takes its place with other hard-core unemployment areas of Utah.

Does it make sense?

The foregoing, you might say, doesn't make sense. A state with the wealth of Utah, denying its small population a standard of living comparable to the rest of the nation's none-too-adequate standards, is fantastic. The answer is simple. Utah people do not own the wealth. The difference between poverty for thousands and abundance for all leaves the state each year in dividends to absentee owners.

To be sure much of the income from Utah mines is spent for wages and supplies, or invested in the state; but not enough of it to eliminate the conditions already described. Many of the smaller Utah mines are owned locally, but such big producers as the Utah Copper, which in 1929 paid its stockholders $32,489,800 (over 85 percent of all the dividends declared by the nine chief mines of Utah), are owned by interests outside the state. A great deal of the income from the mines that are wholly or partially Utah owned is not being invested in the development of job-creating industries in the state. Instead much of it goes to purchase government bonds so that Uncle Sam can send it back to Utah as relief.

The "Mineral Resources of the United States" published by the Bureau of Mines states that between 1864 and 1937 inclusive, the Utah mines have produced gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc to the total value of $2,006,208,558. Up to 1935 a recorded total of approximately $448,924,000 has been paid as profit to stockholders out of which the foreign-owned Utah Copper paid $228,473,042.50. Nearly 40 percent of the total value of the metal output in 1929 was paid out in dividends and nearly 21 percent of the entire output since 1864 has been paid to stockholders as profit.

In order to paint a better picture of unemployment in Utah and the effect absentee ownership has on a community, here is a description of one of the state's oldest mining camps.

Park City, a community of some four thousand

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inhabitants, lies festering in a narrow gulch on the backbone of the Wasatch Mountains. This typical western mining camp, settled long before the advent of the automobile, is situated as close to the "diggings" as possible. There is hardly a square rod of level ground in the camp, no gardens, few lawns or shrubs, just a mass of houses most of which are unpainted frame shells. Bob Consone, a Park City miner, in describing the camp said, "Park City is a maze of shacks, the wind blows through the cracks in half of them and the dump I live in leaks everywhere except under the kitchen sink." The mines of the Park City district, some of the most persistent producers in the state, have produced over $315,000,000. They employ over a thousand men when running at capacity, and the entire population of Park City is dependent on their payrolls. There are no other industries: just the quartz mines. When, a year ago, the mines shut down, the plight of the camp was pathetic. The case of Pete Kovack is typical. "When the mine shut down," said Mr. Kovack, "I was in the same fix as a thousand other men. I lived on my unemployment compensation for a few months, but it wasn't enough to keep the family—eight of us—in groceries and clothes. We didn't try to pay any rent. Ninety-five percent of the miners have families, and if there is a Devil's Island in America, Park City is it. Once you are here you stay. After you serve your stretch in the mines—which is from 10 to 15 years—you retire, either with miner's consumption or with one of the dozen other ailments that comes from 10 years underground.

"The average miner makes about $1,300 a year; when he can't work the mine is through with him. No provision is made for the victim of mine diseases, no nothing. If you got a boy who can take your place in the hole, you are lucky. Maybe he'll help you, provided he doesn't get married.

"What did I do after my compensation was used up? I went on relief: $24 and a ton of coal a month. I couldn't get on WPA. The boys that did got $40 a month. In Park City we pay at least 20 percent more for necessities than they cost in Salt Lake City, but the WPA'ers there get $55.

"This shutdown has been hard on my family. I've paid on an insurance policy for 15 years, and it looks like I'll lose even that."

Why shut down?

After being idle a year, the mines are again employing men. Why they closed no one but the owners know. The reasons they gave for the shutdown were the price of metals and the bleak business outlook. The metal prices now are only slightly changed from a year ago: lead and zinc now are about a quarter of a cent per pound higher, but the price of newly-mined silver is unchanged. The denying of the means of subsistence to a community of four thousand can hardly be justified by a quarter of a cent difference in the price of metal. One wonders whether those responsible for the shut-down would have countenanced it had they lived in Park City and seen the effect of a year's unemployment on the men and their families.

Carl Tahalkie, secretary of the Park City Miners' Union, expressed himself as follows: "The proportion of the dividends from the mines of Park City that leave the state of Utah is of no particular importance to us. The fact that a majority of the stock of the Silver King, the Park Utah and the other mines here is owned in Utah is of small consolation to the people of Park City who are living in shacks, or to the miners spending the best part of their lives underground with better than an even chance of contracting a disabling illness.

"We are glad that Salt Lake City has the modern Kearns skyscraper, and the pretentious Kearns mansion recently donated to the state for a Governor's mansion. We do not begrudge the capital city many more of its improvements, but when we know that they represent part of the $75,000,000 paid to stockholders as profits from the Park City mines and think of our housing conditions and the insecurity of our citizens, we quite properly question the justice and morality of absentee ownership."

The conditions described in Park City have their counterpart in hundreds of American communities. The mining industry is just one small example of absentee ownership. A great many of the public utilities and the manufacturing and processing industries, in Utah as in other western states, are controlled, if not entirely owned, by Eastern capitalists.

It is certainly true that outside capital is often essential in the development of a region's natural wealth. The financier has a proper place in the nation's economy. Likewise invested capital is entitled to just compensation for its use. The injustice occurs, however, when the persons furnishing capital exploit the nation's wealth solely for their own enrichment without regard for the citizens living within the area exploited.

During the darkest days of the depression Utah industries owned and controlled by Utah people suffered much heavier losses than the foreign-owned businesses. It is vastly more difficult to shut down a factory, mill or mine if one's neighbors are going to suffer thereby. For that very reason a local owned business will often operate at a loss long after the absentee owner has "closed shop" and refused to put back into a locality some of the wealth he has extracted from it.

It is little wonder then if the people of Utah, as of many other states, see in absentee ownership a threat to their future.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

FEBRUARY again brings round our annual "Catholic Press Month." Once more the Catholic newspapers—so-called—and the large number of magazines will quote the admonitions of Popes and Bishops and distinguished ecclesiastical authorities of yesterday and today concerning the invaluable aid that the press is, or ought to be, to the work of the Church in both its spiritual and cultural spheres of influence and teaching. All the indisputable good points of our own American Catholic contribution to world journalism will be adduced, and the same "ringing appeals" to present and prospective readers and supporters of our press will be made. Year after year the show is put on; it never varies in its main features; merely in details of expression and degrees of emphasis; and year after year our Catholic press remains substantially the same lamentably ineffective and largely negligible force, one that is far below the level of the power and value of the great Catholic body in the United States.

Of course this harsh opinion is personal only, and there are many facts that can be advanced to contradict it. For example we undoubtedly possess a goodly number of magazines and reviews of really first class literary, theological, scientific and cultural value. There are, as well, magazines for home circulation, and the promotion of many types of good work, missionary enterprises and shrines and sodalities and other organizations, that are well-produced, well-illustrated, inspirational and instructive and wholesome in the highest degree. There are some of our weekly newspapers which possess far more than a local influence, and of all of them that subscribe to the NCWC news and special feature services it can be said that they publish much important and trustworthy world news, not to be found in the secular press; and an admirable group of writers of signed articles: vigorous, skilful, interesting authors who contribute columns and articles and editorial paragraphs fully equal to the best material of this kind to be found in the secular press. Nevertheless, I must still stick to the opinion expressed above. Moreover, personal as it is, I believe it to be fully shared by a large number of Catholics whose opinions are worthy of attention, but which fail to attract attention largely because they are seldom uttered publicly for fear of being misunderstood. Speaking, then, solely for myself, I must try to explain why with all my very real appreciation of the good work and genuine merits of our Catholic press as it stands, I still must maintain my highly unpopular thesis that it is fundamentally inadequate, particularly in its newspaper branch. Its magazines and special reviews can well be omitted from this criticism; but I do believe that no amount of such literature can compensate for the lack of a strong and professionally competent daily journalism.

Newspapers published weekly simply cannot be newspapers, no matter how stubbornly we give them that anachronistic name. They can be, and many of them are, excellent and useful weekly digests of the news, commentaries on the news, and vehicles for much interesting and worth-while special information, instruction and reviewing. But as newspapers they are stale, behind the times, woefully incomplete, and, therefore, possessed of far less influence upon society in general than the value of their material really justifies. And I think it is precisely for these radical deficiencies, inseparably bound up with the root fact of their weekly form, that the so-called Catholic newspapers not merely conspicuously fail in conveying the influence of the Church on a scale commensurate with the strength and merits of the Church in the United States to non-Catholic readers, but also why they have such small audiences among Catholics themselves. There is so wide a discrepancy between the spiritual, moral, intellectual and even merely numerical loftiness and truth and power of the Church in America and the feebleness and obscurity of what ought to be its most useful publicity instrument, that the more one studies it the more wonder grows that decisive steps are not taken to remedy so paradoxical a state of affairs.

Communications

SOS FROM THE DROUGHT AREA

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editors: James A. Fitzgerald writes in a letter to THE COMMONWEAL, January 26, that land in the South Dakotas cannot be bought at $70 acre and that the owners are in such good financial position that buildings are kept painted and in good repair. Congratulations to them! Catherine Bradshaw's "SOS from the Drought Area" (November 17, 1939) does not necessarily imply unfairness to the South Dakotans. I have before me on my desk at this moment a letter from Larimore, North Dakota. The family have owned the wheat field and homestead for over fifty years. The letter says: "This is a very hard year. The grasshoppers were so bad in August that when looking up at the sun the air was so full of them that it looked like snow. When we were out for a drive the windows had to be closed tight. Even then they dashed against the glass so thick that you could see nothing outside. We were fortunate in having a nice early garden, but the late one was ruined because of the drought and hoppers. Some of the corn dried up without an ear on it. All of our vines died. We have to drive our cows a half mile to water. We get into the car and lead them because it is a long walk over and back. I was just looking over the land. Most everything is burnt up; just a little green in the low places. It looks like rain today. All the way over to Grand Forks, 38 miles from here, where we drove today, we prayed hard that the rains would come. We have much to be thankful for because we had enough feed for the stock."

BESSIE ARNOLD.

JUST WAR

Seattle, Wash.

TO the Editors: I have been following the controversy on the present war issue with great interest, not only in THE COMMONWEAL but in many columns and

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local papers. In your January 12 issue and in Mr. Kelly's article it becomes quite clear to me that the Nazi propaganda has been far more efficient than one realizes. Especially Mr. Meter's letter shows that.

"At no time since Versailles has Germany received just treatment from Britain and France without severe pressure." Mr. Meter obviously ignores the fact that most of the "unjust" conditions of the Versailles treaty, like reparations, military occupation, exclusion from the League of Nations and many others, were already abrogated by the Versailles powers before Germany was able to exert any "severe pressure." Dr. Bruening was well on his way to establish a goodly "living space" for Germany, when he was politically stabbed in the back by the men who put Hitler into power, because they aimed at world domination and were imperialists, not just patriots who wanted to right obvious wrongs.

What is all this loose talk about the treaty of Versailles? Do people who simplify the very complex problem of European adjustment by blaming everything on that awkward treaty ever study it and do they ever realize under what conditions it was made? Do they know that the distrust of Germany, which Mr. Meter calls the "hatred" of Clemenceau and Britain's "commercial jealousy," was based on some very real facts? One can only understand the situation when one looks at the two treaties which a victorious Germany imposed in Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest on Russia and Romania and when one remembers that the German government planned to keep the Channel coast, the basin of Longwy, Belgian Congo, Lithuania and Latvia and to establish a protectorate over Poland. In the face of the facts—the return of Germany's ruling class and their successors in the new ruling party caste to imperialism, brutal extermination of minorities and intolerant nationalism—how can one reasonably permit this ignorant squabble about Versailles to go on?

The fear of being dragged into war by the astute and perfidious allies—another legend which seems to be built up by a certain propaganda and makes the men of 1916 look rather foolish—is so strong that Mr. Meter and with him many others still do their best to let England and France look as mean and cowardly as possible. The Munich treaty was built on facts and on a certain trust: the fact was, that Hitler at that time pretended to claim only German speaking regions and that France and England would not have been able to help their ally by going into an insufficiently prepared war, Poland then being Hitler's ally. The outcome would have been a defeat of the allies; at least that is what everybody thought. The trust was exactly what Mr. Meter still implies: that Hitler was after nothing but righting the wrongs of Versailles. Do these people realize that one of the wrongs done to Germany by Versailles according to Mr. Hitler is the stopping of German imperialism of the Pan-German and Nazi kind? Do these advocates of justice for Germany accept that too? Do these people who accuse England of having started the World War out of commercial jealousy know that the rivalry between Germany and England was based on a very serious inequality, namely that England had free-trade, while the Kaiser's commercial imperialists had subsidized exports (dumping) and high protective customs? Although I deny that that was the real cause of the World War, I believe that these circumstances led to its bitterness and put Germany in the wrong even before that war. When we talk about post-Bismarckian Germany, we must keep in mind that it had all the earmarks of a forerunner of Hitler: an imperialist clique with no political responsibility working behind the scenes, a semi-socialized economy with government support, an aggressive army and an obsession that Germany had been denied a "place in the sun."

Mr. Meter will not deny that Poland was savagely attacked and dealt with after the victory in a way which makes one wonder how anybody could ever say the Versailles treaty was not mild in comparison. Clémenceau and other "haters" of Germany had seen similar things happen, and that is what made them distrustful. They were right. The imperialists got away with it, and the sane part of Germany had to carry their burden. While an industrious and decent German people was trying to rebuild Germany, free, liberal and without the virus of imperialism, France, unsupported by America and England, was obsessed by fear of new aggression and tried to keep Germany in her place. Unfortunately that was just the wrong thing to do, because it built up a moral case for Germany, was exploited by the nazis for propaganda and persuaded the decent majority of Germany. But does that mean that there were no other means for Germany to recover than that used in Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland? Dr. Bruening had France's and England's confidence and was able even to get their agreement for a moderate gradual rearmament. He had shown the world that nobody stood in the way of a peaceful and just Germany. But as he said: one hundred meters before the goal he was stabbed in the back. In Geneva and Neudeck his nationalist enemies had undermined him. To win Hindenburg for his dismissal, snapshots of Bruening walking in the 1932 Corpus Christi procession in Berlin with a candle in his hand were rushed to Hindenburg by airplane, so as to discredit Bruening as an impossible Catholic. There were other than nazi means to get Germany back on the map; Stresemann and Bruening proved it.

The implied doctrine of Mr. Meter that since Germany could not get what she thought just, she was right in resorting to brutal force sounds pretty strange after what our Holy Father laid down in his five points.

As a German who loves his country and fought 51 months for it in the world war, I must say that Jacques Maritain's statements are unfortunately as right as the ones brought forth in the world war by that lonely fighter for a true and just Germany, Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster. This war is a just one for England and France who obviously have done wrong in the past and suffered wrong to be done for the peace's sake, but who now, instead of talking and repeating vague accusations, resist the greatest threat to Christianity since the time of Charles Martel. The remainders of national selfishness which may vitiate their cause, as our frailty vitiates our every action, are regrettable, but I am sure that they do not enter into the considerations of Frenchmen and Englishmen, when they

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think why they bear arms. France and England did worry about their fidelity towards Czechoslovakia.

"Hybris," the sad national vice of us Germans, has misled my people again as so often in history. Nazidom is its ugliest incarnation. The sound part of the nation rejects it. We had hoped the defeat of 1918 had rooted it out and taught us a lesson for all future. We were wrong. Now we can only hope that one day the majority of Germany will see what this age-old fault is doing to our country. Then it will rise against its unfortunate leaders, who are blind leading the blind. Let us hope that Germans learn to stand up for true values before another defeat after a bitter war poisons the atmosphere and creates conditions similar to those in 1918. Our Holy Father's five points are so obvious that I hope the victors and vanquished of this war will heed them better than those who sought to re-order the world at Brest-Litovsk, Bucharest, Versailles, and now Poland, Bohemia, Austria.

REV. H. A. REINHOLD.

HEYWOOD BROUN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In the reports of Heywood Broun's tragic death and his funeral, including Professor Mercier's interesting article in your issue of January 26, one point seems to me to have been fumbled.

Much has been made of Broun's fear of death, his premonition of death, etc. But that was only half the story—or the circumstances of the story. It was not dying that Broun was afraid of, more than all men are, but dying without religious preparation for death, without the sacraments of the Church, with his sins and failings held individualistically on only his own, however broad, shoulders. Heywood Broun approached death like a sensible and good man.

A JOURNALIST.

FOUR MAILS A DAY

FOR THE MOMENT, discussion of the European issue has given way to messages from various adherents and adversaries of Father Coughlin, *Social Justice* and the Brooklyn *Tablet*. Some of these comments were too violent or incoherent to print, but THE COMMONWEAL thinks certain excerpts have considerable documentary value. Some of these reveal a certain state of mind. For instance, a typewritten sheet, with no date and no address, signed "Bill O'Rights," concludes in referring to the 17 unfortunate young men: "If you believe a Brooklyn jury will indict them on the fantastic charges preferred, you just don't know Brooklyn." Mrs. Anna Cooper, a Brooklyn resident, appends a P.S. to her note linking up THE COMMONWEAL and the *Daily Worker:* "Redeem yourself. You may yet be allowed to walk in the ranks with men, I mean 'Men.'" Elizabeth Irvine of Brooklyn complains of the harm done to Catholic unity, and includes the following description of her state of mind: "I have waited twenty-four hours before writing this letter and I find that I am just as much incensed today as I was yesterday."

Rev. William J. Smith, S.J., of Brooklyn, sent us a copy of a letter he was sending to the Brooklyn *Tablet* and gave us permission to reprint it in THE COMMONWEAL. The letter begins as follows: "The editor of the Brooklyn *Tablet* needs no aid from two-fingered typists, such as I am, to defend him in any controversy. He stands head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries." Father Smith goes on to say that when the editor and his paper are unjustly attacked it is time for their friends to rally to their defense. As a reader of the *Tablet* for many years, he summarizes its editorial point of view as follows: "There are strong forces in this country that are viciously anti-Christian. Let that fact be recognized. The sincerity of those who are so ready to shout 'anti-Semite' at an opponent will be more easily accepted than those who are actually 'anti-Christian' will be noticed and condemned."

Rev. Francis Borgia Steck, O.F.M., writes from Washington to make "a plea for fair play regardless of race, creed or color." Much of Father Steck's letter, like several other communications on the subject, deals with the question of presuming the young men guilty before it is proved—an error the aforesaid COMMONWEAL editorial avoided by speaking only of the young men's plight, their arrest and the existence of the charges against them. Father Steck himself expressly avoids defending the young men. He continues: "As to Father Coughlin, he is well able to take care of himself. Least of all is this letter a defense of the Christian principles espoused by Father Coughlin. Their best and strongest defense is Christ's death on Calvary."

Commendations of THE COMMONWEAL editorial on the Christian Front were not quite as numerous or as voluble. Several of them were merely new subscriptions without comment. A good sample, however, comes from Edmund Thomas Delaney of New York. "Congratulations on your splendid editorial, 'The Hypnotized.' May it be read by the many Catholics who are too indifferent to recognize the anti-Christian philosophy that animates organizations like the so-called Christian Front. . . . It is devoutly to be hoped that irrespective of the consequences our Catholic leaders will have the fortitude to put into effect the principles of the encyclical of Pius XII with respect to racism and totalitarianism by stamping out the seeds of the disease as soon as they appear."

A New York friend sent us a marked copy of *The Christian Democrat,* which is published by the Catholic Social Guild of Oxford, England. He refers the editors to a short discussion of "Witch Hunting," which says the following: "One of the most horrifying features of the breakdown of Christendom during the sixteenth century was the prevalence of witch-hunting. People were ready to see witches everywhere. . . . Recent instances call for comment, the one a long attack on a private organization for social research, P.E.P., accusing it of communist tendencies and of links with Jewry (our Catholic press is adding Jews to communists on its list of heretics), another a short article in a weekly giving a very false impression of the personnel and tendencies of Chatham House—naturally on the grounds of its alleged Leftism. Yet the Left will not be conquered by insult. No amount of ducking ever reformed a single witch." Penned at the foot of this quotation was the following: "Of interest, in view of your courageous attack on 'The Christian Front.'"

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The Stage & Screen

Two on an Island

THERE IS much that is engaging in Elmer Rice's panoramic play of life on Manhattan Island. Mr. Rice has a sympathy and an understanding of the lower and middle orders of metropolitan life, has an ear for their talk and an eye for their actions. Except when he is engaged on the problem of social injustice he doesn't probe very profoundly, and even then the result of his probing is intensity rather than depth. There is certainly confusion and often a misconception of values. "Two on an Island" at least doesn't fall into this pit, the pit that has engulfed all Mr. Rice's more recent plays. It is quite frankly a sentimental comedy telling the old, old tale of a young man and woman who come to New York in search of wealth and fame, meet, marry and succeed. It tells it rather differently, in that the boy and girl don't meet until the play is half over, and Mr. Rice often seems upon the point of taking off his coat and mounting upon his soap-box. Happily he restrains himself each time, and proceeds to allow the story of young love to run its course. So this is another success story, very much too long, but with charming and even poignant moments. Up to the meeting of the lovers Mr. Rice takes us on a sort of personally conducted tour of the metropolis. There are scenes on a sight-seeing bus, on Broadway, in the subway, in a Greenwich Village studio, in an all-night coffee stand, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and in the head of the Statue of Liberty. The scenes are impressionistically designed by Jo Mielziner, and are well directed by Mr. Rice himself. It is a pity that he shouldn't have been willing to cut out twenty minutes from them. Mr. Rice at times writes racily, but in this play he certainly writes too much. Yet despite this "Two on an Island" is the most enjoyable play he has written in recent years. It is well acted by a large cast, with two outstanding performances—that of Betty Field as the girl, acting with charm and integrity, and Earl McDonald as the artist, both masculine and subtle. John Craven is good as the boy, Luther Adler excellent as the theatrical producer and Howard daSilva outstanding as the sightseeing guide. *(At the Broadhurst Theatre.)*

Young Couple Wanted

THIS PLAY by Arthur Wilmurt is another boy-girl play of life in New York, only this time the boy and girl decide at the end for the simple life back home. Its characterization is better than its construction, but many worse plays have succeeded. It is well acted by Hugh Marlowe, John Adair, Zamah Cunningham, Lloyd Gough, Juliet Forbes, Arlene Francis, Richard Clark, Ruth Thane McDevitt and J. Richard Jones. It is not a bad play about unexciting people. But a week devoted to Rice and Wilmurt makes this reviewer long for Behrman and Noel Coward! *(At the Maxine Elliott Theatre.)*

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Trampling Out the Vintage

"MY DIRT, it ain't no good, but it's mine," says Grampa in the Dust Bowl as the Joads start out on their pitiful journey on Highway 66. With high hopes, they go from Oklahoma, which doesn't want them, into California, that "land of milk and honey," which not only doesn't want them but tries to kill their spirits and bodies. So nakedly severe is John Ford's direction in *"The Grapes of Wrath"* that this powerful film becomes almost unbelievable for its unsoftened suffering. Nunnally Johnson's script, retaining all the punch of the Steinbeck novel while making intelligent changes and deleting the objectionable language, and the picture's newsreel reality prove again that Hollywood does have a capacity for truth which it seldom exhibits. No artificial make-up, no false sentiment, no glamor stars mar the authentic documentary tone of this provocative film. It pleads for justice for the downtrodden by simply letting Jane Darwell, Henry Fonda, John Carradine, the well-chosen, excellently directed cast, show the miseries that these homeless, jobless people undergo. The inhuman treatment meted out to migratory workers in California screams for legislation. The film itself offers no solution for these gaunt Okies who are in the dark. Tom, the embittered fugitive, sets out at the end to find out "what it's all about"; and Ma, failing in her efforts to hold the family together, still strives to maintain some semblance of human dignity. "We're the people. Can't nobody wipe us out." To Darryl F. Zanuck and those whose work made this great film should go high praise for their courage and artistry.

"Slightly Honorable" is a hard-boiled, adult murder-mystery packed with tough lawyers, politicians, ribald lines and situations. Tay Garnett's bright direction maintains real suspense and fast movement with graft and greed getting satirically mixed up with sly wisecracks and belly laughs. Pat O'Brien, newcomer Ruth Terry (as "Puss," a dumb but not too innocent show girl), Broderick Crawford, Edward Arnold and Eve Arden get in there and pitch throughout this hilariously funny three-ring circus.

A different Pat O'Brien plays Father Duffy in *"The Fighting 69th,"* but he is still a hard fighter as the famous priest who guides his flock from Camp Mills in 1917 to the bloody trenches and some of them back to the triumphal Fifth Avenue parade. William Keighley directs as you expect in a patriotic, militaristic film. Father Duffy's Irish brogue; Colonel George Brent stiffly saying, "No man has ever let the regiment down"; Sergeant Alan Hale commanding, "Suck in your guts"; James Cagney as the Brooklyn wise guy who "doesn't go for this Holy Joe stuff," turns out to be a coward but dies a repentant hero. What you do not expect is the absence of women, Father Duffy's beautiful closing prayer for the Lost Generation and Peace, and Jeffrey Lynn as Joyce Kilmer reading "Rouge Bouquet" instead of "Trees."

Catholic schools and societies will be interested in the national distribution of *"The Perpetual Sacrifice,"* an educational film dramatizing the background of the Holy Mass. While a priest says the words in English, a commentary, with living scenes from the Old and New Testament, explains the liturgy.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Books of the Week

A Welsh Valley

How Green Was My Valley. Richard Llewellyn. Macmillan. $2.75.

THIS IS the story of life in a Welsh mining community before Wales had become a "depressed area." With it Wales joins the procession of countries whose writers are looking backward for a way of life based on folk integrity and dignity. To find this life among his own people, Mr. Llewellyn has had to ignore several eras showing evidence of decay—the Edwardian, the pre- and post-war. The dole, he shows, did not spring from only yesterday. The origin of the rot which is destroying Welsh labor, taking the lives of its men, violating the earth and driving its most virile youth to faraway countries with strange tongues and occupations, is shown to lie in the growth of empire, which exploits the man-power and resources of weaker peoples from a distance.

The beginning of the book is the end; Huw Morgan, the community's fictional biographer, is about to leave the valley and its life. It has been a good life and it has built good men, men of character. It is as a man of character and sensibility that he faces an unknown destination—with a natural nostalgia for the good past, but the sober courage that accepts life. We see the community through Huw's eyes, first the eyes of a small child, then a young man. Here are people, apparently fresh from the hand of God, presented by their Creator with bodies made in His own image and likeness, and the gifts of nature to sustain them. They are noble gifts and they must be nobly used, with gratitude to their giver. The flesh of animals and the produce of the fields must be turned into worthy food, cloth must do justice to the sheep who provide the wool, good thought and honest labor must go into the making of homes and utensils of wood and stone. Sex is not a pastime; it is a holy gift through which man shares with God the power and joy of creation—and its responsibility. They are an independent people, who recognize no superiors but God and conscience—although they seem at times to confuse the two. Violation of their code brings terrible vengeance, meted out with stern justice, but *justice*. It is not an idyll that is revealed: tragedy—cruel and bitter tragedy—alternates with joy; hard work is their lot, but both are the fate of man and part of a whole life.

Although it is a sober and responsible people Mr. Llewellyn deals with, this is not a dour book. It is revelation of the poetry of common things and common people, written in their own idiom. Every object, every event, has its deeper meaning. About food: "Wait until it has been in the hot oven for five minutes with a cover, so that the vegetables can mix in warm comfort together and become friendly, and the mint can go about his work, and for the cress to show his cunning. . . ."

The grandiloquence of Owen's courting paean may strain credulity until one considers that speech for great moments was drawn from the only reading the villagers had—great literature, and even common life held no cheapness to corrupt language by expressing it.

"I have known you five thousand years," said Owen. "In jewels and gold."

"In jewels and gold?" said Marged. "Since when, now?"

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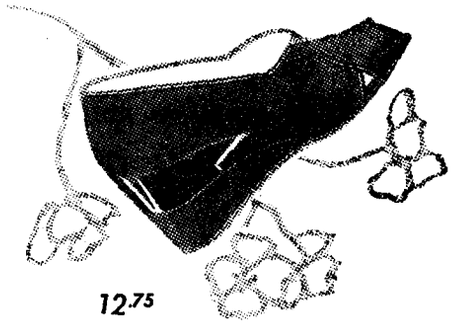

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"By the brook of Hebron," said Owen. "Oh, Marged."

Comparison with another minor folk classic, "Twenty Years A-Growing," written a few years ago by a native of the Blasket Islands, is inevitable. Both books project the freshness of people removed from the world's complexities, and of speech grown from the simple needs of their lives. Both present a deeply religious people. But the temper of the two is basically different. The Irish book has a lighter, lyric tone that is lacking in the Welsh, for all its happy satisfactions. The religious concepts are different. In the Welsh community one feared God; in the Blasket Isles He was of the intimate nature of loved things, like the birds and the sun. The God of the Green Valley was God the Father, stern though generous; the mortal father who approached him in authority—and a grand man he was—was the same, tempered by knowledge of human frailty in himself among others. The God of the Islands had a merciful Son and a protecting Mother who had been human like the natives themselves and whose names were an everyday greeting. Of the two books, "How Green Was My Valley" has the broader scope. It is epic, rather than lyric. More factors enter into the story—moral, industrial, social. Living their own lives, according to their own code, the times were impinging on them. The question of Marxism rises in the labor struggle, divides the young who believe in the new radicalism from the old who believe this creed involves un-Christian hatred and debases man. To the literary question asked, through word and experiment, by artists of today: Can a literature of drama and general interest be developed in the proletarian field? it answers by example. Yes—if the factors which make drama—spiritual force, conviction and grandeur—characterizes the actors and its events. Without these factors, the result is a mess.

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CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

The All-American Front. Duncan Aikman. Doubleday. $3.00.

THE OUTSTANDING fact about the latest book about the Americas is the convincing way it presents the obstacles to genuine Pan-Americanism. There is generally too much loose talk about brother democracies, when not a single one of the Latin-American "republics" approaches our ideal of political democracy; rather in varying degrees, they are dictatorships, which tend to become solidified as government airplanes make revolutionary marches on the capitol increasingly impossible. Business men in their visions of Latin-American markets overlook the abject poverty of the populations to the south of us. The fear of dollar diplomacy and distaste for northern manners continue to overbalance antipathy for the Nazis or "good neighbor" protestations.

"The All-American Front," in fact, makes the possibility of progressing beyond flowery phrases sound virtually impossible. Certainly the constructive measures it recommends will produce their fruits many years hence, when Hitler has long since passed into the discard. In consequence our efforts to achieve Pan-Americanism should be on a long-range basis; immediate expediency will hardly serve as a feasible motive in the light of such facts. Hollywood seems to be the agency best able to start things in a constructive direction. The work of the Division of Cultural Relations and the effects of new Latin-American courses in universities up North will require years.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Aikman goes out of his way to express his ideas in such flamboyant terms. His language, often self-consciously picturesque, at times descends to coarse analogies that are particularly unhappy. But his manner cannot obscure the wealth of evidence he adduces to bring out his points. His greatest strength is his passion for social justice; his failure to grasp such historic realties as the zeal of the Spanish missionaries and his inability to appreciate Latin-American culture are his greatest weakness.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

The Vampire Economy. Guenter Reimann. Vanguard. $3.00.

IN HIS FOREWORD Mr. Reimann implies that his book deals with both Germany and Italy. In fact, however, it is devoted almost exclusively to Germany—only occasional asides, of the nature "I understand that this is true of Italy as well," appear. In a larger sense, however, it does deal with Italy, with Russia, with all totalitarian states, not excluding France and England at the present time, and with the United States, if and when she should become involved in the existing, or any other, imbroglio. For, in the last analysis, all nations engaged in warfare of the modern vintage must be totalitarian during the course of the struggle, or else be foredoomed to defeat.

The work will be of interest to those who are wondering how long the German economy can support the present war. It will interest those who are concerned about the preservation of our democracy should we become involved in that struggle. It will be of especial interest (or should be) to those in this country and elsewhere who have been flirting with the thesis that the solution to our

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economic and social ills is fascism, whether of the German, Italian or Russian variety.

The picture that Mr. Reimann paints of the business man in particular and of business organization in general under the Hitler régime is not a pretty one. This reviewer's first reaction, after reading the book was, "Can this be true?" The sources of much of the information that he here presents are given. In most cases, he cites German official reports and official and semi-official statements of German bureaucrats. Many of the more interesting illustrations, however, are "confidential" letters from Herr A to Herr X (written by A, while abroad on business, of course), accounts of conversations between Herr B (in exile) and his friend, Herr Y (on business abroad), as reported, presumably, by B to the author, or conversations overheard, on the train between Hamburg and Berlin, for example. The whole seems quite credible to this reviewer, if for no other reason than that it seems incredible that it could have been fabricated. If it is fiction, it is very plausible fancy. EDWARD S. LYNCH.

POETRY

A Season in Hell. Arthur Rimbaud. Translated by Delmore Schwartz. New Directions (Norfolk, Conn.) $2.50.

THERE are almost insupportable difficulties in any attempt at an integral inquiry (covering all experience and not that which merely appertains to intellectual knowledge), in any attempt to realize truth without the impedimenta of conventions and simplified philosophical formulae. The difficulties of such an attempt arise from the fact that soul and body are one and that the knowledge to which human beings arrive is conditioned, in its subjective apprehension at any rate, by the limitations imposed by the body. Rimbaud tries to overcome these limitations and seize truth in the manner of a purely spiritual being. As magnificent as the effort is, the result is the fantasy of art, hallucination, delirium. Hell. But into that Hell light eventually breaks and aids the solution of the poet's dilemma. After his feverish quest, Rimbaud believes that he is permitted "to possess the truth in a soul and body." If the reader believes that God desires to be sought out and that it is only in the actual activity of seeking that He may be integrally found, then that reader will find a certain tortured grandeur in the poem.

The poem is recondite but not spurious. Rimbaud has tried to express fully all the complex play of forces in the human being and tells in symbols the story of the soul who in its very Hell is forced to give testimony to the truth, because in the midst of the rebellion, cynicism and hate in which he is enveloped is the insatiable desire of the poet for truth. It is worth a season in Hell for him to get it. In order to get that truth the poet has to vomit forth all the indigestible elements of the *contemporary milieu,* but the reviewer feels that Mr. Schwartz has overemphasized in his introduction the poet's conflict with capitalism and a civilization labeled bourgeois. Rimbaud's conflict is with other and deeper forces. It is with forces present in each individual and which are only cast out by painful purification. "If my spirit were wide-awake always from this moment on, we would soon arrive at truth, which perhaps surrounds us with weeping angels."

The translation has the merit of being literal though it naturally loses the quality of implication which is not only characteristic of the French but also a mark of Rimbaud's style. This work is not, of course, for general reading. WILLIAM J. GRACE.

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THE COMMONWEAL has a due bill worth $100 in accommodations (American plan) which will be honored at either of two leading Bermuda hotels. If any of our friends are interested we shall be glad to sell it for $50. Write for particulars to THE COMMONWEAL, 386 4th Ave., New York, N. Y.

The Inner Forum

FOR SEVERAL YEARS the Franciscan Fathers of the Atonement at Graymoor, New York, have had considerable success in presenting a series of dramatic sketches based on the lives of the Saints on the Ave Maria Hour, broadcast over Station WMCA and the Intercity Network Sundays at 6:30 P.M., Eastern Standard Time.

A new program sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Women and entitled "Call to Youth" was scheduled to be inaugurated by Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara of Kansas City over the NBC Red Network, February 3. Bishop O'Hara's subject was "The Communion of Saints." The following Saturday noon Monsignor Fulton Sheen of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., will talk on "Our Blessed Mother."

From then on the speakers on this "hour" will all be prominent Catholic laywomen. During the rest of Lent the schedule runs as follows: February 17, the Little Flower, by Frances Parkinson Keyes; February 24, Saint Anne, by Mrs. Carlton J. H. Hayes; March 2, Saint Frances of Rome, by Maisie Ward; March 9, Saint Brigid, by Mary Synon; March 16, Saint Mary Magdalen, by Margaret Anglin.

On Holy Saturday Lady Margaret Armstrong will talk on Saint Bernadette of Lourdes. The "Call to Youth" series during the rest of the Easter season will consist of: the Saints of the Canon of the Mass, by Helen Walker Homan (March 30); Tekakwitha, by Frances Taylor Patterson (April 6); Saint Martha, by Adé Béthune (April 13); Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, by Dorothy Day (April 20); Saint Catherine of Siena, by Katherine Burton (April 27); Saint Rose of Lima, by Minerva Bernardino (May 4).

On the Vigil of Pentecost Mary Wankowicz will talk on Saint Hedwig. The last two of the series are Saint Cecilia, by Mrs. William C. Hammer on May 18, and Saint Joan of Arc, by Anne Sarachon Hooley, May 25. The NBC Red Network will carry these broadcasts each Saturday at 12:30 P.M., E.S.T. The National Council of Catholic Women believes these talks will be invaluable for discussion groups and study clubs. These fifteen-minute saints' biographies are also intended to edify individual listeners and readers. Printed copies will be available on request.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. W. Michael DUCEY, O.S.B., is a monk of St. Anselm's Priory, Washington, D. C., at present working on a national liturgical week which it is hoped may be held in the near future.

Jacques TRUELLE is Counselor of the French Embassy in Washington. He wrote the present article as distraction from worry about the war during sleepless nights in September.

Robert P. Tristram COFFIN is a Maine poet whose verse has often appeared in the columns not only of THE COMMONWEAL but of many other magazines. He has also published numerous books on Maine.

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